

WARREN
MAGAZINE

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

CREEPY

STORIES

PUB
\$1.00

CREEPY
70

JUNE 1971

TERRIFYING
ADAPTATIONS
OF SIX
FAMOUS HORROR
CLASSICS!

RESIDENTS OF
FOG SHROUDED
PARIS
STREETS FACE
THE FEARFUL
"MURDERS
IN THE
RUE MORGUE!"

PLUS
MAN of the CROWD · BERENICE · CASK of AMONTILLADO
DESCENT into the MAELSTROM · SHADOW



HERE'S YOUR
OLD UNCLE CREEPY
BACK WITH THE BONDS
OF MY FAVORITE
STORY TELLER,
EDGAR ALLAN POE

27/8 PFT
JUNK CLASSIC
POE TALES
FOR YOU
THIS ISSUE

SOME OF
THE BEST
ONNLS
YOU'LL EVER
READ

SO ZOM ME,
COME INTO MY
CREEPY WORLD
AND LET THE
MASTER
STORY-TELLER
ENTERTAIN
YOU!



A chilling comic strip. A beautiful female editor. Elements of the mad world of Edgar Allan Poe. "Masters in the Rue Morgue," captured by the毛利的 hands of Ben Kelly.

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CREEPY

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APRIL 1975

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6 COMICS . . . LETTERING Big "A" Little "a!" Bouncing balloons! Captions! Titles! Everything you wanted to know about comic book lettering and a lot you had never thought to ask. An exciting CREEPY special!

7 THE RUE MORGUE Terror stricken shrieks shattered the evening's tranquility. Chilled neighbors converged on the screams. They discovered a woman's slashed body. Then tried to move her and her head fell off!

19 MAN OF THE CROWD He is part of every crowd. Old. Evil. Wandering through the throngs. Looking. Savoring. Drinking up the essential experience of gathered humanity. Someday you may meet him. Beware!

27 CASK OF AMONTILLAO I have endured Fortunato's insults. And I have hated him. For years I have dreamed of revenge. Now I have the means. A barrel of the finest wine. It will be the means of his death!

35 SHADOW A plague despoiled our land. But we ate, drank and made merry. And one by one, we died. Yet we feasted still. Then an uninvited guest arrived at our revels. A wraithlike figure as insubstantial as death!

43 THE MAELSTROM For years I have towed the Norway coast. The best spots to fish are often the most dangerous. I have often been to the best place. And the worst... the area surrounding whirlpool Maelstrom!

55 BERENICE Berenice's world was filled with sunlight, gaiety. Her cousin's world was dark. A morbid, introspective place. Then Berenice died. Her cousin was obsessed with her past beauty. But mostly, her lost smile!

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"Kelly's Santa, like the Devil himself!"

I must be tremendously difficult to publish a CREEPY Christmas issue! One doesn't usually think of the season of love as a time for "horror." But apparently Warren Publishing does!

Combined with your horror, however, you displayed all of the traits of Christmas. Love, meaning, spirit and friendship of the holiday season were not absent from your truly terrifying tales!

You know, I'm kind of glad that CREEPY #68 was here to help give me a very warm and wonderful Christmas!

CHRIS PAONANO
Sayreville, N.J.

I just wanted to say that, although CREEPY #68 was one of the best issues of 1974 I felt your cover was in extremely poor taste. It did not at all reflect on the horrifying yet heart-warming stories contained in that issue.

WESLEY HIGHTREE
Springfield, Mass.

Ah, what a devilishly macabre and gruesome cover on CREEPY #68! If Dr. Warthan were around today, he'd doubtless clutch his magnified heart and expire at the sight of it.

Artwise unquestionably the standout this issue was Rich Corben's other story, "Anti-Christmas." It had a power and imagination as yet unsurpassed in comics. However, Martin Salvador and John Severin also turned in impressive efforts.

Storywise, CREEPY #68 was a disappointment. The premise of doing some positive-toned Christmas stories has nothing wrong with it. But you failed in the execution. In general, the tales were either too short for necessary development, or simply unimaginative.

I must confess that I did like the whimsy of "The Christmas Gnome" or Timothy Bratay - even though the climax was painfully obvious. "The Stars My Salvation" also was a nice reworking of an EC type science fiction tale. Not too original, but done in the classic cliché manner.

ED O'REILLY
Ada, Ohio

When I saw the cover painting of CREEPY #68 I was amazed. It could only compare with those on the first ten issues of CREEPY. It's a true horror classic, and is Ken Kelly's greatest cover so far.

GREG AUGUSTINE
Sacramento, Calif.

Some of Warren Publishing's competitors have been literally trying to push all of their competitors off the newsstands.

They have been flooding the market, concentrating on quantity, and forgetting altogether about quality.

On the other hand, Warren publishes a mere five titles with a great deal of stress on quality. The result is a line of publications you can be proud of. There are none better!

Which brings me to another subject. The introduction of a new science-fiction magazine into the Warren fold.

One of the reasons that CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA are so great is that they have variety. An average of six stories appear each issue, featuring horror, sword and sorcery and science fiction.

Dwelling a magazine entirely by science-fiction might detract from the quality and variety already existing in the Warren publications.

If a new magazine were published, Warren writers, artists and editors would have to produce even more stories to take the place of the absent tales that were in the existing three publications. They'd also have to produce enough stories to fill a science-fiction book. It might make the quality of all your magazines suffer.

Please consider carefully before initiating any new projects. As much as I'd like to see a science-fiction magazine from you, I'd hate to lose any of that old-fashioned Warren quality!

ALAN NOROMARK
Oulton, Penn.

Many readers have been asking for a Warren science-fiction magazine. But you, Alan, raise some valid points concerning the quality of such a venture.

Should already overworked artists and writers be saddled with the additional burden of a new Warren publication? Could a quality science-fiction book be published under the Warren banner? We might never know.

But we're going to find out. Take a look at the announcement, right?

Overall I would say that CREEPY #68 was a good issue, superior to your previous three, despite its drawbacks.

I was disappointed not to find Jose Ortiz or Bill O'Bryan in the line-up. Their work would have improved the magazine immensely.

All your covers have been fine but Ken Kelly turned in an excellent cover painting for this issue. Nice layout superbly couched with good color. His Santa looked a lot like Rich Corben's from "Bless Us Father."

Almost all of the stories in the Christmas package carried messages. But then the holiday season is a time when we should open up to the thoughts of our fellow man. In "The Stars My Salvation," lacking a Christmas theme, seemed out of place in the issue - as though it was a substitute for a story that didn't arrive in time for the magazine. Deadline Doug Moench's storyline was unoriginal, and the tale's ending was disappointing. But John Severin turned in a good art job, far surpassing his efforts for you earlier this year.

"Anti-Christmas" was an excellent story, one of the two best this month. It was beautifully delineated by Rich Corben, who even surpassed his previous effort on "The Raven." Gerry Bourelle's poem was aesthetically complete with bread feeding and baby-killing.

The other classic this issue was "The Christmas Star" by Bud Lewis and Iandro Menes. The story was a sad one with an important message. The man working the miracles was Jesus Christ embodied within a mortal frame. He was the best character in the entire comic. His death at the hands of muggers was horrible, but effective. It proved again that Christ can never really die. Menes turned in a beautiful art job, the perfect accompaniment to the perfect script.

TONY CAOEN
Chicago, Ill.

You're only one of the many eagle-eyed readers who spotted our story substitution. Tony Indeed, Jose Ortiz and Bill O'Bryan were scheduled to appear in CREEPY #68 with their story "Once Upon A Miracle." Unfortunately, the story arrived one day too late to make the printing deadline, and "The Stars My Salvation" was substituted.

But we've got a jump on NEXT year's Christmas issue - because at least ONE story is finished and ready to go.



Monsieurs, Dames, Ghouls, Goblins and Angels. That's what Jose Ortiz and Bill O'Bryan crammed into their holiday tale, "Once Upon A Miracle." The story, originally scheduled for CREEPY #68, arrived too late for that issue. It's rescheduled for Christmas 1978.

"Warren publishes quality!"

Once again, the brilliant story-telling genius of Doug Moench and Gerry Boudreau have proven them number one in the field of illustrated horror.

Granted, newcomer Budd Lewis has tried very hard to equal the success of his predecessors. But it just hasn't come off, so far.

For Moench's "The Stars My Salvation" and Boudreau's "Anti-Christmas," there nothing but praise. The stories were added significantly by the excellent visual continuity of John Severin's and Richard Corben's art. The genius of these two men added even more to already superb pieces of authorship.

DONWYN NEWSOME
Newark, N.J.

"The Stars My Salvation" surprised me. I hadn't realized that John Severin was working for Warren Publishing! I'm glad he is!

"Christmas Eve Can Kill You" was a great human interest piece with fine artwork.

"A Gentle Takeover" was one of those 4-star stories that got you to thinking about the future.

"The Christmas Gnome" started as a very clever fantasy but ended predictably. Your only slip into mediocrity in the empire issue.

"Reflections in a Golden Spike" lacked an interesting plot, yet was still well drawn and written.

And "The Christmas Visit" reminded me, down to some minor details, of a "Duffy's Tavern" Christmas radio show from the late forties. The only differences were the up-to-date references and the shock ending, which wasn't necessary since it worked fine on the radio without it. Was this coincidence or is Budd Lewis an old radio freak?

STEVEN DHUEY
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Budd confesses! He's a freak!

Your Christmas issue was spectacular!

The cover by Ken Kelly was terrific! "Anti-Christmas" was a rich Corben/Gerry Boudreau masterpiece! "The Stars My Salvation" by Doug Moench and John Severin was delightful! "A Gentle Takeover" had a beautiful script by Budd Lewis!

In fact, all the stories this issue were kind of special!

My only complaint is that you didn't give us one Christmas story illustrated by Berni Wrightson. Shame on you!

JACKIE FROST
West Monroe, La.

I like everything Budd Lewis writes. So CREEPY #68 was an extra special treat for me. It had three Lewis classics, each better than the first.

"A Gentle Takeover" was a quiet piece of sentimentality. The Christmas Visit introduced an element I never thought possible in a horror comic: the second coming of Christ. And "The Christmas Gnome" of Timothy Bratley had just the right blend of horror, fantasy and humor.

If you guys ever lose Lewis, you'll lose at least one reader as well! Me!

HENRY DAVIDS
Bend, Ore.

"The Christmas Gnome" and "Reflections in a Golden Spike" in your CREEPY Christmas special were excellent stories. In fact, it seemed like every tale was good.

The only story I didn't like was "A Gentle Takeover." It contained no real horror and wasn't even a little scary. It just didn't even give me the usual chills.

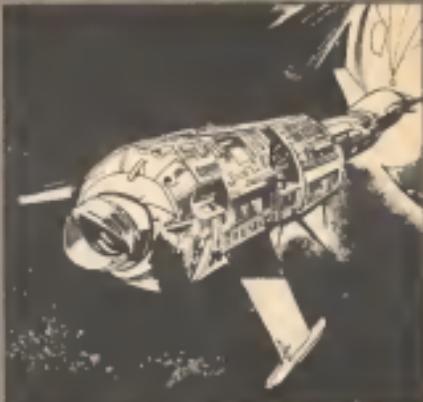
Better tell Budd Lewis to go back to writing horror stories.

KURT EISENLOHR
San Francisco, Calif.

Having no Christmas isn't Christmas, Kurt! It's about the spookiest thing we can think of!

SPECIAL SNEAK PREVIEW: A WARREN SCIENCE FICTION BOOK AT LAST!

Special art. Special stories. And a very special lineup every issue. That's what's in the works for the coming issues of CREEPY. The theme for issue #73 is science fiction. Only the best artists and writers will be featured in Warren's first all-science-fiction issue!



Look for lots of star diversity—strange worlds, planets, and alien life forms. Watch as the greatest science fiction artists under contract to Warren depict the frightening future of the human race.



John Severin and Paul Newby introduce the science fiction world's last men. One in space, "The Age Standing By"; and "The Beast Within," two more thought-provoking tales of dread from Budd Lewis!



"Unprovoked Attack in the Human Metropolis" by Rich Corben and Jim Steranko and "Progress of a Kind," by Jose Ortiz and Bill O'Leary, round out the science fiction special. Offbeat, inspired looks at future horror!

AND YOU'LL FIND IT ALL IN CREEPY NO. 73!

IM MEAN! ROTTEN! A REAL CREEP!

If there's one thing I hate it's positive, constructive comments. Say something nasty! Controversial! Send me a hate letter. I'll love it!

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
c/o Warren Publishing
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



everything you always wanted to know...about the comics!

lettering

DE THE BARNUM BROTHERS TO A PARALYZED HAND AND A MURDERER

Comic books. It takes a team of talented people to put together just one. Writers, artists and editors are the most noticed faces. There are, however, far less-hailed, but no-less-important individuals performing equally necessary jobs in the creation of the comics. These are the letterers, proofreaders and production men.

In the coming months, we'll probe each aspect of the

comics, examining the intricacies involved in every stage of their creation. Last month we began with the story, the first stage of creation. This month, we'll discuss lettering.

It should be pointed out that while each publishing house uses its own editorial standards, the basics discussed here, particular to Warren Publishing, are more or less common to all.

THE TOOLS

A letterer's tools are few. Simple and compact, they represent the basic art equipment. They are:



The lettering guide is a unique transparent device used for penning guidelines. Since there are no pens designed explicitly for the complexities of comic book lettering, the FB-5 and FB-6 pen points are the most commonly used. Their nibs are shaved or sanded slightly for a sharper point and a more delicate letter. The FB-6 is used for straight comic book lettering. The FB-5 is utilized for bold, emphasized words.

The lettering, as the actual drawing, for each comic page is done in India ink. It is easily photographed for either offset or letterpress reproduction.

Other basic lettering tools, not pictured, are pencils (either blue or black for drawing lettering guidelines), eraser (for eliminating the guidelines after they are used) and, of course, the drawing board.

THE PROCESS

Lettering is usually added to the story when the comic book artist has finished "penciling" his illustrations. The penciled page is given to a letterer who first roughly indicates positioning of balloons and captions so they will read effectively, pulling the reader's eye from panel to panel. After the balloons have been lightly "spotted" in pencil, the lettering guide and T-square are used to rule in pencil guidelines.

The lettering is first indicated lightly in pencil within the guidelines, after which it is lettered with India ink, using the FB-5 and FB-6 pens. When the lettering is finished, it is the letterer's job to draw in balloons and panel borders, and to carefully erase his own pencil lines, leaving the artist's illustrations.

The freshly lettered page is then given back to the artist who uses black India ink to render and finish his penciled drawings.

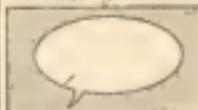
Occasionally, a letterer's job may be a little more difficult. For one reason or another, an artist may wish to completely finish (ink) his work before it is sent to a letterer. In cases such as these, lettering must be completed on separate sheets of paper and pasted within the artist's inked panels. To a letterer this is called a cut-and-paste assignment. Sometimes they call it by other names, not printable in a comic book!

BALLOONS

It may seem unimportant to the casual reader, but the style of balloons is an important factor of comic book storytelling. Balloons have an actual language of their own, that the letterer must be actually aware of at all times. While balloons always indicate the flow of the story by the dialogue contained within them, they speak equally well (although subtly) of what is taking place in the storyline even when the dialogue is omitted.

By their shapes balloons reveal when someone is thinking, shouting, whispering, speaking in a normal tone or even in the grip of fear or pain.

The most common balloons:



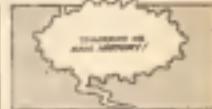
The dialogue balloon. Used for normal conversation and usual flow of the storyline.



Dialogue balloon with a wavy tail. Used for mid-surprise or when speaker is off-panel.



Wavy balloon. Used when speaker is in pain, dying, or experiencing fear/resignation.



Whisper balloon. Same style as the wavy balloon, with very small, quiet lettering.



Jagged balloon. Used for a shout, or to denote telephone dialogue.



The thought balloon reveals a character's inner thoughts and feelings to the reader.

SIZE

Ideally, lettering should not be too large as to dominate a page of illustration. Nor should it be so small as to be difficult to read. Since lettering is inked directly onto an artist's original page, which is usually one and a half times larger than a printed comic book page, ideal lettering should look like this:

THE NEWS HITS HARDEST AT THE BARNUM BROTHERS CIRCUS!

Of course for larger pages of art, the lettering would be slightly bigger and slightly smaller for smaller pages of artwork. A letterer must be versatile enough to compensate for the whims of an artist's drawing size.

Vastly underrated by public and publishers alike, lettering is one of the most important, yet most tedious jobs in comics. A good letterer can be vastly instrumental in adding to the enjoyment of a strip. A poor one can destroy a story without the reader ever realizing why!

IT WAS SUMMER, 1846, AND I WAS IN
EUROPE ON HOLIDAY.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

WHILE RESIDING IN PARIS, I BECAME
ACQUAINTED WITH A MONSIEUR
AUGUSTE DUPIN."

PLEASED
TO MEET YOU,
M. DUPIN!

AND I
LIKewise, YOU,
MY FRIEND!

DUPIN WAS FROM AN
ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY
BUT, BY A VARIETY OF
UNFORTUNATE EVENTS,
HAD LOST MOST OF
HIS WEALTH... AND
WAS FORCED TO LIVE
AN IMPOVERISHED
EXISTENCE!

YET HE DID NOT
DESPAIR OVER THIS
STATE... AND TO
GETHER WE RENTED
A ROOM IN A TIME-
EATEN AND GROG-
TESSUE MANSION,
LONG DESERTED BY
SUPERSTITIONISTS!

WE WOULD SLEEP
ALL ARE SURVIVING
ON MY OWN
MEAGER SAVINGS...

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE



- AND AT NIGHT, SEEK OUT
EXCITEMENT IN THE SHADOWS
OF POPULOUS PARIS!

AT SUCH TIMES I COULD NOT HELP REMARKING UPON AND ADMIRING A FAMILAR ANALYTIC ABILITY IN DUPIN!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR MAJOR STUDY AT THE UNIVERSITY WAS NATURALISM! WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL ME ABOUT IT?

BUT OF COURSE!

DEDUCTION STEMS FROM THE CLEAR LIGHT OF REASON, COUPLED WITH A KEEN EYE FOR OBSERVATION!

AND NATURALISM IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE SCIENCE OF CORRECT PREDICTION! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

SUDDENLY AS WE WALKED DOWN THE RUE MORGUE, WE HEARD SCREAMS COMING FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR WINDOW OF MADAME LESPINSKE'S APARTMENT!



JOINED BY SEVERAL NEIGHBORS AND TWO ARMED GENDARMES...WE FORCED OUR WAY INTO THE PARKED AND DECREPIT BUILDING!

AFTER RUNNING UP AN UNNUMBERED STEPS, THE POOR WAS UNCONSCIOUSLY BATTERED DOWN BY DUPIN...



...AND THE CORRIDOR THROUGH ENTERED THAT ACCURSED ROOM, NOT QUITE PREPARED TO HANDLE THE SICKENING HORROR THAT HAS THROWN UPON THEIR STRANDED SENSES!

THE APARTMENT WAS IN THE WILDEST DISORDER... THE FURNITURE BROKEN AND THROWN ABOUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS



THE BED WAS SMASHED... AND NEXT TO IT ON A CHAIR LAY A STRAIGHT RAZOR, BESPATTERED WITH BLOOD!



A SMALL SAFE WAS FOUND, ITS DOOR OPEN AND ITS CONTENTS, THREE BAGS OF GOLD, INTACT!



...THAT WHEN ASPIN AND THE GENDARME ATTEMPTED TO MOVE THE CORPSE... THE LONG-TRESSED HEAD TOPPLED COMPLETELY OFF!





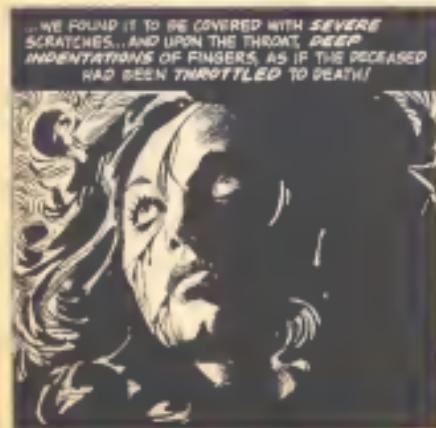
WHILE THE MAIN GROUP OF US DEALT WITH THE BODY OF THE MOTHER... A CURIOUS NEIGHBOR NOTICED A LARGE PILE OF SOOT IN THE FIREPLACE...



...AND DISCOVERED THE LIFELESS FORM OF THE ONCE-LOVELY DAUGHTER, HEAD DOWNWARD STUFFED UP TIGHT INSIDE THE CHIMNEY!



UPON REMOVING THE CORPSE AND EXAMINING IT...



...WE FOUND IT TO BE COVERED WITH SEVERE SCRATCHES... AND UPON THE THROAT, DEEP INDENTATIONS OF FINGERS, AS IF THE DECEASED HAD BEEN THROTTLED TO DEATH!



DUPIN TOOK THE OCCASION TO MENTALLY SUMMARIZE ALL THE CLUES AT HAND! NOTHING ESCAPED HIS KEENLY-ANALYTICAL POWERS OF OBSERVATION! NOTHING WHATSOEVER!

THE FRONT DOOR
WAS LOCKED!

A MINUTE OR COARSE
HAIR CLUTCHED IN
MARIE L'ESPANAYE'S
DEATH-GRIFF



THE CRUSHED
AND PURPLE-
TINTED
THROAT OF THE
SCANTILY
CLAD
DAUGHTER!

AND
FINALLY,
THE
RED-
GLINTING
RAZOR!

BURSTED THOROUGHLY I LEFT THE
AWARE SCENE WITH DUPIN!

THE NEXT DAY, UPON AWAKENING,
DUPIN ANNOUNCED HE HAD SOLVED
THE CRIME DURING THE NIGHT!



HE EXPLAINED
HIS DEDUCTION
WITH STEP-BY-STEP
LOGIC!



MONEY WAS
NOT THE MOTIVE
SINCE ALL THE GOLD
WAS LEFT
BEHIND!

SO...
THINK BACK CAREFULLY
MY FRIEND! WHOEVER
COMMITTED THE CRIME
WAS FORCED TO ENTER
THRU THE OPEN BED-
ROOM WINDOW!

AND THE VILLAIN
HAD COARSE,
UNNATURAL HAIR...
AND POSSESSED
AMAZING
STRENGTH!



AGHAST, I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS!

DON'T LOOK SO STARTLED! IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT MALTESE SAILORS OFTEN MAKE PETS OF GIANT ORANGUTANS!



THAT AFTERNOON... AN AD APPEARED IN THE LOCAL PAPER!

IT READ...



AS THE SHADOWS LENGTHENED AND EVENING DREW IN UPON US, WE HEARD A STEP UPON THE STAIR!



BUT DO NOT REVEAL IT OR USE IT UNTIL I GIVE A SIGNAL! HURRY NOW, AND IF OUR GUEST IS RIGHT OUTSIDE!



NO SOONER DID PUPIN FINISH HIS NASTY WORDS
THAN THERE WAS A LOUD KNOCK ON THE DOOR...
AND A BURLY SAILOR ENTERED!



THE SEAMEN SUDDENLY STOPPED
AND HORRIFIED LOOKED AS
THOUGH HE WAS SUFFERING
FROM SUFFOCATION!

I FEARED THE MALTESE
SAILOR MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO
FLEE IN UTTER PANIC, SO I
PRODUCED THE COCKED PISTOL!



AND AT ITS SIGHT, THE BURLY
CREWMEN COLLAPSED IN HIS
CHAIR, PREPARED TO RELATE
ALL!



"RETURNING HOME FROM A LOVELY
SAILOR'S ROM-FILLED FROLIC
OF PARIS..."



"I FOUND THE BRUTE, A BRISTLE-HAIRED
ORANGUTAN, BROKEN OUT OF ITS STURDY
CAGE... AND OCCUPYING MY LIVING ROOM!"



"IT WAS STANDING
IN FRONT OF A
MIRROR,
GESTURING WITH
RAZOR IN
HAWAIIAN
IMITATING
THE HUMAN
MOTIONS OF
SHAVING!"



"MY ENTRANCE
STARTLED THE
BEAST...AND
SWIFTLY IT
FLED FROM
AN OPEN
WINDOW!"



"AS I ALREADY SAID, I HAD
PLANNED TO SELL THE
CREATURE IN PARIS... SO
I TRANCED IT AS BEST I
COULD FROM THE STREET..."



"...WHILE IT MADE ITS
LUMBERING WAY ACROSS
THE MIDNIGHT-GLOOMED
ROOFTOPS!"



"I WAS ALSO AFRAID THE APPE, YOU SEE,
MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY CAUSE ANNUC WITH
THE GLEAMING WEAPON IT CARRIED!"



"WELL CAN I IMAGINE THE
STARK TERROR OF THE
TABLEAU INSIDE THE
SILENCE-SHATTERED
DWELLING!"



"THE TERRIFIED
WOMAN MUST
HAVE SCREAMED
AND RESISTED
THE POWERFUL
BRUTE'S
EFFORTS..."

"THE APPE, IN A WILD MOOD OF
PLAYFULNESS, PROBABLY TRIED
TO 'SNAKE' MADAME L'ESPANADE!"



"...WHICH, APPARENTLY, WHIPPED
THE ORANGUTAN INTO A FROTHING
MAD FRENZY..."



"...CAUSING THE ENRAGED APE TO
LASH OUT VIOLENTLY..."

MOTHER!
NOOOO-O-O-O-O!

"...SPLITTING THE POOR
WOMAN'S PILE THROAT
FROM EAR TO BLOOD-
GUSHING EAR..."

"...NEARLY COMPLETELY
SEVERING THE HEAD
FROM THE NECK!!"







DUFIN CALMLY AND RATIONALLY EXPLAINED THE ENTIRE TALE OF TRAGEDY!



NOT LONG AGO, DURING THE
DUSK OF AN EVENING
IN AUTUMN, I STOOD BEFORE
A LARGE WINDOW OF THE
DOVER HOTEL IN LONDON!

FOR SOME WEEKS I HAD
BEEN IN ALL NERVOUS BUT
WAS NOW CONVALESCENT...

...AND AS MY OLD STRENGTH
RETURNED, A UNIQUE AND
UNUSUAL MOOD ALSO
INFILTRATED MY SENSES.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

MAN OF THE CROWD

MY INTELLECT BECAME
HEIGNTENED, ELECTRIFIED,
IMPARTING AN INQUISITIVE
INTEREST TOWARD EVERY-
THING THAT WAS; HOW I
FIRST BECAME AWARE OF
THE SCURRYING CROWD
THAT BUSTLED BEFORE
THE HOTEL WINDOW!





AT FIRST MY OBSERVATION
TOOK ON AN ABSTRACT AND
GENERALIZING TURN! I
APPRAISED THE TURMOIL
AS ONE BIG FORMLESS MASS!

SOON, HOWEVER, I DESCENDED TO
DETAILS, AND REGARDED WITH
MINUTE INTEREST THE INVINCIBLE
VARIETIES OF FIGURE, PRESS, GAIT,
VISAGE AND EXPRESSION OF
COUNTEenance!



THE EVENING SWIFTLY
MERGED INTO NIGHT
PROMPTING THE
GARISHLY-BRIGHT
GAS LAMPS TO GLOW

HERALDING THE
LATE HOUR...AND
MANY SMARTHY
THIEVES ALONG
WITH IT!



AS THE NIGHT PEEPFEDER SO DEEPENED TO ME
THE INTEREST OF THE SCENE...FOR THE GENERAL
CHARACTER OF THE CROWD DEGENERATED...
UNTIL THE LOWEST ELEMENTS OF SOCIETY
WERE EXPOSED!

WITH MY BROW TO THE GLASS,
I WAS THUS SCOUTINIZING THE
PEOPLES WHO ONLY COME OUT AT
NIGHT...



...WHEN
SUSPENSE
THERE CAME
INTO VIEW THE
FIGURE OF A
DECREPIT OLD
MAN OF
PERHAPS
SIXTY-FIVE!



MY ATTENTION
WAS ARRESTED
AND ABSORBED
AT ONCE...

...FOR THE MAN HAD
THE HELLISH FACE
OF A HUMAN FRIENDE
INCARNATE!



THE CHARACTER CONVEYED
RAW, INCALCULABLE
EMOTION. NO RICE, COOL-
NESS, CAUTION, MALICE,
BLOOD-THIRSTINESS,
TRIUMPH, TERROR...



...AND PERHAPS MOST OF ALL...
EXTREME DESPAIR!

THEN CAME A CRAVING DESIRE TO
KEEP THE BLACK-CAPED MAN IN
VIEW HURRIEDLY PUTTING ON AN
OVERCOAT, AND SEIZING MY HAT...



...I MADE MY WAY TO THE STREET,
AND PUSHED THROUGH THE DIVERSE
CROWD IN THE DIRECTION I HAD
SEEN HIM TAKE!

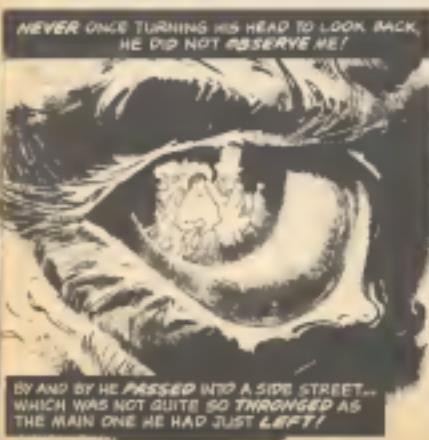


HE WAS VERY
SHORT IN STATURE,
VERY THIN AND
APPARENTLY VERY
FEEBLE!

WHILE HE CROSSED
A LANE, I HAD
CHANCED TO OBSERVE
A DAGGER'S HILT
THAT GLEAMED
FROM HIS BELT!



NEVER ONCE TURNING HIS HEAD TO LOOK BACK,
HE DID NOT DESERVE ME!



BY AND BY HE PASSED INTO A SIDE STREET--
WHICH WAS NOT QUITE SO THRONGED AS
THE MAIN ONE HE HAD JUST LEFT!



HERE... A MARKED CHANGE IN HIS DEMEANOR
BECAME EVIDENT! HE WALKED SLOWLY... MORE
HESITANTLY... ODDLY ILL AT EASE!

HE CROSSED AND RE-CROSSED THE STREET REPEATEDLY, WITHOUT ANY AIM... ALWAYS HEADING TO THE SPOT THAT MOMENTARILY HELD THE MOST PEOPLE!



HIS CHIN FELL UPON HIS BREAST... WHILE HIS EYES ROLLED WILDLY FROM UNDER HIS KNIT BROWS, IN EVERY DIRECTION, UPON THOSE WHO HERDED HIM IN!



AFTER ARRIVING AT THE END OF THE ROAD, HE TURNED SHARPLY... ALMOST PETECTING ME... AND RETRACED HIS FURTIVE STEPS!



THE SILVER-HAIRED MAN WALKED THUS BACK AND FORTH, UP AND DOWN THE LANE FOR AN HOUR... UNTIL, AT LAST, THE LATE-NIGHT STROLLERS BEGAN TO THINN!



WITH AN ANGRY GESTURE OF IMPATIENCE, THE AGED WANDERER DISPLAYED HIS DISPLEASURE AT THE FAST-DWINDLING GROUPS...



...AND HAVING SHOWN HIS DISPLEASURE, STALKED DOWN A DESERTED ALLEY!

DOWN THIS HE RUSHED
WITH AN ACTIVITY I
COULD NOT HAVE
DREAMED OF SEEING
IN ONE SO AGED...

...AND WHICH PUT
ME TO MUCH TROUBLE
IN PURSUIT!

A FEW MINUTES BROUGHT US TO
A LARGE AND BUSY BAZAAR...
WHERE HIS ORIGINAL MANNER
AGAIN BECAME APPARENT...
AS HE FORCED HIS WAY TO
AND FRO, WITHOUT AII, AMONG
THE SHOPPERS!

EVENTUALLY A LOUD-TONED
TOWER BELL ANNOUNCED
THE ELEVENTH HOUR,
THE SHOP-MERCHANTS
CLOSED...



...CAUSING THE
VACANTLY
STARING
OLD MAN TO
COMMENCE
ANEW HIS
PURPOSE-
LESS QUEST!



WE ARRIVED AT LENGTH,
BACK AT THE DOVER HOTEL!

A FIERCE RAIN FELL, THE STREET RAPIDLY
EMPTIED...AND THE SPANISH-LOOKING MAN
TURNED DEATHLY PALE!

LIKE A PERSON POSSESSED, THE CAPE STRANGER SUDDENLY HEURED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RIVER...



...WHERE, AND MUCH DEPLORABLE POVERTY AND SQUALOR HE COULD STILL BASK IN THE PRESENCE OF PEOPLE!

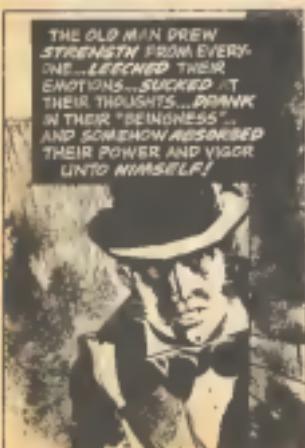


THERE WERE BUMS, THIEVES, PICK-POCKETS, SEAMEN AND WOMEN OF ILL REPUTE AROUND ALL SIDES OF THE DARK-EYED ONE...



...AND HE SECRETLY REVELLED TO HIMSELF WHILE IN THE MOB'S VERY MIDST!

THE OLD MAN DREW STRENGTH FROM EVERYONE...LEECHED THEIR EMOTIONS...SUICIDED AT THEIR THOUGHTS...DRANK IN THEIR BEINGNESS...AND SOMEHOW ABSORBED THEIR POWER AND VIGOR UNTO HIMSELF!



AND THEN I KNEW THE MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL FOR WHAT HE WAS... A PSYCHIC VAMPIRE...



...LIVING OFF THE SOULS OF OTHERS!

FOR THE REST OF THE FOG-FILLED NIGHT, I FOLLOWED MY RESTLESS PREY RELENTLESSLY...



...UNTIL FINALLY I LOST SIGHT OF HIM IN THE EARLY MORNING CROWDS THAT ARE REBORN WITH THE Dawning OF A NEW DAY!



BUT, HE IS STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE... EVER SEEKING EVERY HAUNT OF LONDON THAT HARBOURS PEOPLE... SO THAT HE MAY FEAST IN HIS OWN UNWARY WAY!



MY INTEREST IN THE OLD MAN HAS NOW EVAPORATED! I SENSE THERE IS NOTHING MORE I MAY LEARN OF HIM... OR THE PETID CURSE THAT MOTIVATES HIS PROFANE PILGRIMAGE!



BUT, BE SURE, AS HEAVEN IS MY WITNESS, WHEREVER A CROWD MAY GATHER... THERE TOO WILL BEA SILVER-TRAPPED FIGURE NOT FAR, FAR BEHIND!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO



I HAD SILENTLY ENDURED
A THOUSAND INJURIES
FROM THE NOBLEMAN,
FORTUNATO... BUT, AFTER
A WHILE, I REFUSED TO
TOLERATE HIS INSULTS
FURTHER!

I VOWED
TO AVENGE
MYSELF!

NOT ONCE DID I
GIVE FORTUNATO
A SINGLE CLUE
THAT THE THING I
DESIRED MOST
WAS HIS DEMISE!

I ATTACKED HIM
THROUGH HIS WEAK
POINT! THE POOR
FOOL FANCIED
HIMSELF A
CONNOISSEUR
OF FINE
WINES!

AND I HAD A MOST
SPECIAL WINE FOR
HIM TO SAMPLE... A
CASK OF
AMONTILLADO!

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FATEFUL NIGHT WE MET FOR THE FIRST TIME! THERE WAS A CARNIVAL IN PROGRESS...

...AND FORTUNATO... THE POOR IDIOT... WAS DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION!

AH, MY DEAR FORTUNATO... YOU LOOK REMARKABLY WELL! A PITY I CAN NOT SAY THE SAME FOR MYSELF!

EH...? AND WHY NOT?

I HAVE PURCHASED WHAT SEEMS TO BE A CASK OF AMONTILLADO... ALTHOUGH I NOW HAVE MY DOUBTS!

AND I MUST SATISFY THEM!

COME, THEN... LET US GO, MONTRESOR, TO YOUR FAMILY VAULT! I SHALL DETERMINE WHETHER THE WINE IS GENUINE OR NOT!

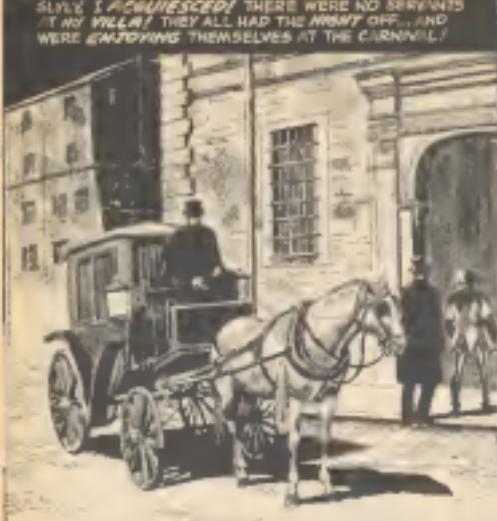
MY FRIEND, NO! I WILL NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR GOOD NATURE!

BESIDES, THE UNDERGROUND VAULTS ARE EXCRUCIATINGLY COLD... AND I KNOW YOUR HEALTH AT BEST, IS A FRAIL THING!

LET US GO, NEVERTHELESS! THE COLD IS NOTHING... COMPARED TO THE HAVEN FIRES OF AMONTILLADO!



SILLY, I ACCOMPLISHED! THERE WERE NO SERVANTS AT MY MILL! THEY ALL HAD THE NIGHT OFF... AND WERE ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE CARNIVAL!



OBTAINING A TONIGHT ONCE INSIDE... WE PASSED UNDER A LOW ARCHWAY...



AND CAUTIOUSLY MADE OUR WAY DOWN THE STONE STEPS THAT LEAD TO THE WINE-CELLAR!

WE CAME AT LENGTH TO THE STAIRS... AND STOOD TOGETHER IN THE SHADOW OF MY FAMILY'S CATACOMBS!



FORTUNATO'S HEALTH WAS WORSE THAN HE CARED TO OPENLY ADMIT! HIS GAIT WAS UNSTEADY... AND THE BELLS UPON HIS CAP JINGLED AS HE STRODE!

THE KEY CHILL OF THE KNIGHT DRIFFED US BOTH IN ITS GRASP!



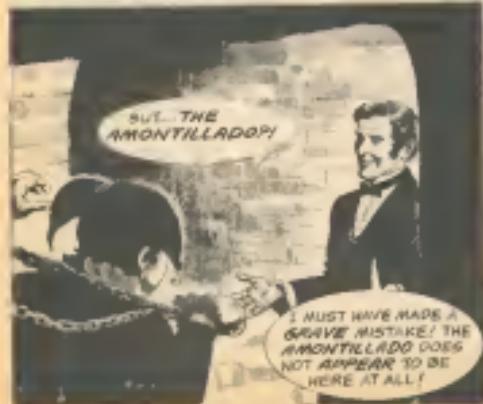
LOOK, MY FRIEND... THE DAMPNESS GROWS ON THE STONE WALLS LIKE SLOW-CREEPING MOSS!

I FEAR YOU WILL GROW ILL... UNLESS I CAN FIND SOMETHING TO ENLIVEN YOUR SPIRITS!





QUICKLY, I THREW A HUGE, IRON SHACKLE ABOUT FORTUNATO'S NECK, AND MANACLED HIM FAST BEFORE HE COULD MOVE—FETTERING HIM TO THE GRANITE WALL!



I MUST HAVE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE! THE AMONTILLADO DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE HERE AT ALL!



...TO WALL MY GOOD FRIEND UP!



I HAD SOONER
LAI THE FIRST
LEVEL OF
MASSANAY, WHEN
I DISCOVERED
FORTUNATO'S
INTOXICATION
HAD, IN GREAT
MEASURE
WORN OFF!



THE EARLIEST INDICATION I HAD
OF THIS WAS A LOW, MOANING CRY
FROM THE DEPTH OF THE RECESS!



I LAI THE FIRST, SECOND,
THIRD AND FOURTH LEVELS...



...WHEN I HEARD THE NOBLEMAN
WITHIN RATTLING THE CHAIN
WHICH BOUND HIM... DESPERATELY
TRYING TO ESCAPE!



IT WAS NOT THE CRY OF A DRUNKEN
MAN! THE GARDIAN WAS FOLLOWED BY
AN INTERVAL OF UTTER SILENCE!

SITTING UPON A PILE OF TIME-
YELLOWED BONES... I CALMLY
WAITED FOR THE FOOL'S VAIN
STRUGGLES TO CEASE!



AND DREW WHEN THE DISTRACTING
RATTLING NOISE STOPPED. I
PICKED UP THE TROWEL...



...HAD CONTINUED WITHOUT INTERRUPTION, THE FIFTH, SIXTH AND SEVENTH LEVELS...

...BRINGING THE WALL EVEN
WITH MY CHEST!



FINALLY, AROUND MIDDAY, ONLY ONE
LAST STONE REMAINED...



WHEN THE VOICE OF FORTUNATO
CALLED TO ME!



HAT HAT HAT HAT! THAT'S
A VERY GOOD JOKE YOU'VE
PLAYED ON ME! WE WILL HAVE
A HEARTY LAUGH ABOUT IT
OVER SOME WINE
SOMEDAY!



YES, MONSTRESOR...
OVER SOME AMONTILLADO!
NOW PLEASE... FOR THE
LOVE OF GOD...
LET ME OUT!

MY REPOD WAS TO FORCE THE RAKK
STONE INTO PLACE... AND THEN TO
PLASTER UP THE ENTIRE WALL!





PROLOGUE

I AM OINOS, A GREEK... AND PROUD
CAPTAIN OF THE PALACE GUARD!

THIS PAST YEAR HAS BEEN A
TIME OF PRISTINE TERROR.
FOR MANY PROPHESIES AND
SIGNS HAVE TAKEN PLACE...

HOW
STANDS THE
NORTHERN
GATE, GUARD?

ALL IS
SECURE, GENERAL.
AS IS THE EASTERN
GATE ALSO!



...AND FAR AND WIDE, OVER SEA
AND LAND, HAVE STRETCHED THE
WINGS OF... PESTILENCE!

THE CAUSE FOR ALL THIS HORROR... ACCORDING AT
LEAST TO THE ROYAL SEER... WAS THE MERGING OF
MIGHTY JUPITER WITH RED-WINGED SATURN!

AS YOU CAN
SEE, MY DEAR
CAPTAIN, THE SIGNS, FOR
THE NEXT SEVERAL
MONTHS CURSE
US ALL!

THE PECCULAR SPIRIT OF THE STARS, IF I
MISTAKE NOT GREATLY MADE ITSELF MANIFEST
NOT ONLY IN THE PHYSICAL DISEASE OF THE EARTH...

...BUT IN THE SOULS,
IMAGINATIONS AND DEEPS
OF MEN EVERYWHERE!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

SHADOW

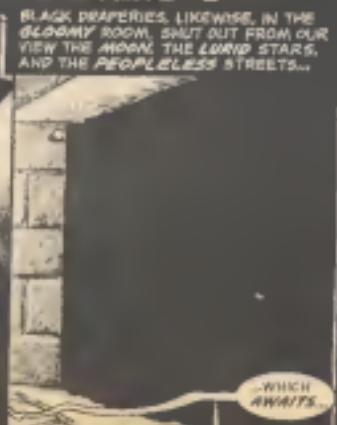
OVER SOME FLASKS OF RED CHAIN WINE,
WITHIN THE WALLS OF MARBLE HOLD, IN A
DIM CITY CALLED SPEARMAN... WE SAT
AT NIGHT, A COMPANY OF SEVEN!



AND TO OUR CHAMBER THERE
WAS NO ENTRANCE... SAVE BY
A LOFTY DOOR OF BRASS...
WHICH WAS FASTENED FROM
WITHIN!

BLACK DRAPERIES, LIKEWISE, IN THE
GLOOMY ROOM, SHUT OUT FROM OUR
VIEW THE MOON, THE LIVING STARS,
AND THE PEOPLELESS STREETS...

...BUT THE GRODDINS AND THE
SENSATION OF EVIL, COULD
NOT BE SO EASILY EXCLUDED!

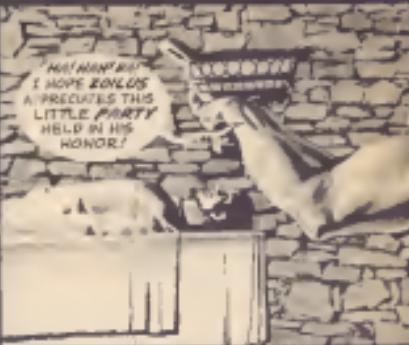


STORY ADAPTATION: RICH MARGOPOULOS / ART: RICH CORBEN

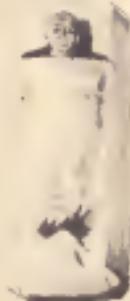
FOR THERE WAS YET ANOTHER TENANT OF OUR CHAMBER, IN THE PERSON OF YOUNG ZORLUIS, A FELLOW WARRIOR...

HE LAY AT FULL LENGTH, ENSWROUED FROM FOOT TO NECK... AND WAS THE REASON FOR OUR MAD GATHERING TOGETHER!

...WHO WAS STONE-COLD DEAD!



ALAS! ZORLUIS BORE NO PORTION OF OUR MARTYR... SAVE THAT HIS COUNTENANCE, DISTORTED BY THE PLAGUE, SEEMED TO MAKE HIS EYES SPARKLE AND BURN WITH MYSTERIOUS FIRES!



BUT ALTHOUGH I, ONGUS, FELT THE GAZE OF THE DEPARTED UPON ME... STILL I FORCED MYSELF NOT TO PERCEIVE THE BITTERNESS OF MY DEAD CONRADIE'S EXPRESSION!



AND STANDING DOWN AT MY OWN REFLECTION IN THE GOBLETT I HELD, I SANG WITH A LOUD AND SONOROUS VOICE ABOUT LIFE AND THE STILL-LIVING!



THERE WERE THINGS AROUND AND ABOUT US
OF WHICH I CAN RENDER NO DISTINCT ACCOUNT...

...ANXIETY...

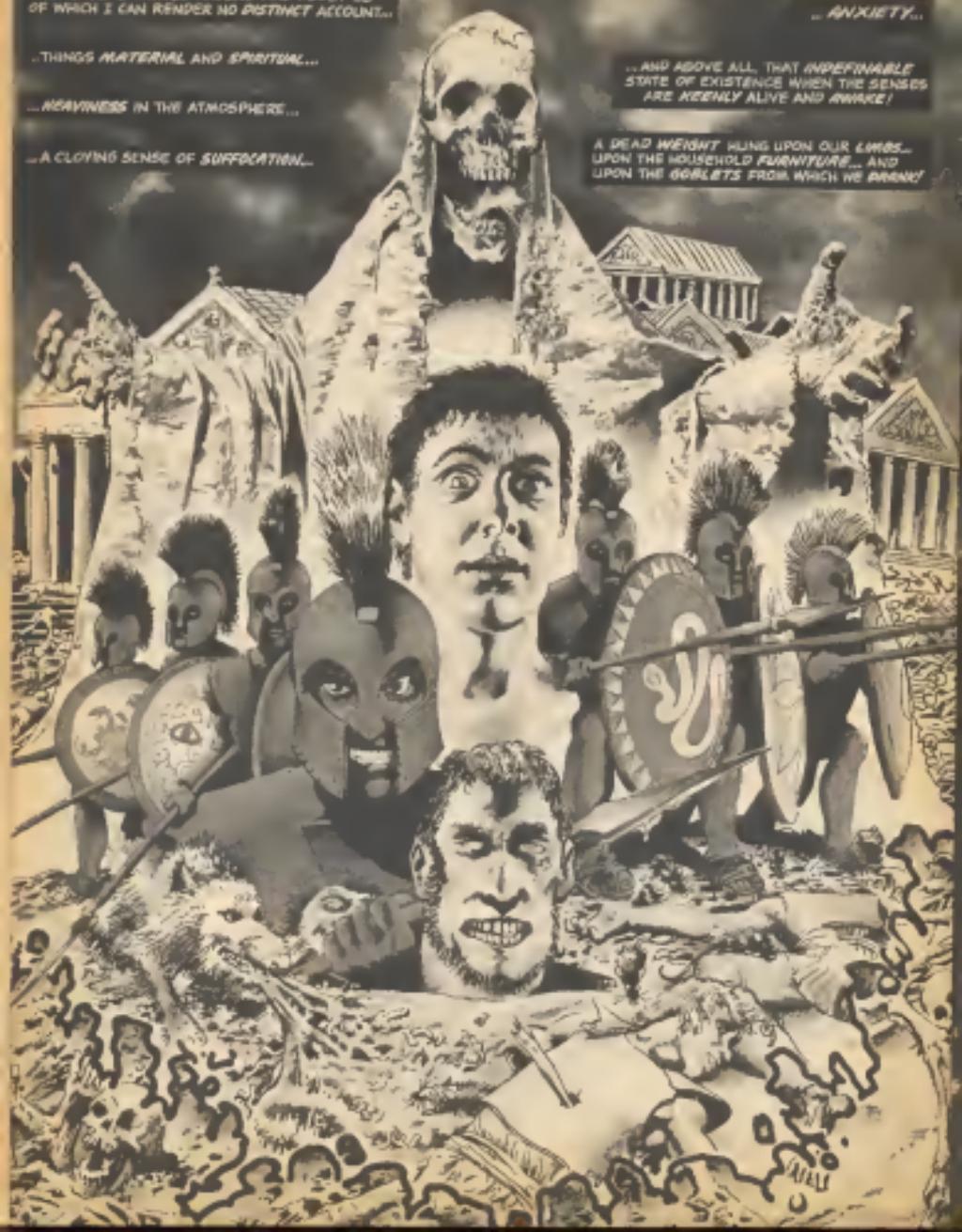
...THINGS MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL...

...MOMENESS IN THE ATMOSPHERE...

...A CLOVING SENSE OF SUFFOCATION...

...AND ABOVE ALL, THAT IMPERFECTABLE
STATE OF EXISTENCE WHEN THE SENSES
ARE KEENLY ALIVE AND AWAKE!

A DEAD WEIGHT HUNG UPON OUR LIVES...
UPON THE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE... AND
UPON THE GOBLETS FROM WHICH WE DRINKED



ALL THINGS WERE
DEPRESSED...
AND BORNE DOWN
THEREBY!

YET, WE LAUGHED AND WERE MERRY IN
OUR OWN WAY WHICH WAS MYSTERICAL....!



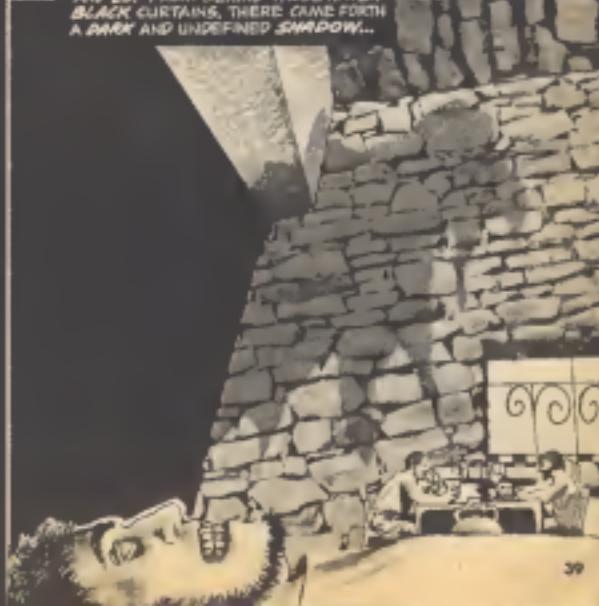
WE SWANG AND DRANK DREARY
— ALTHOUGH THE SHINING RED
WINE REMINDED US OF BLOOD!

BUT IT
FEELS SO
INTOXICATINGLY
GOOD. NONE SEEKS
A SINGLE REASON
NOT TO REVEL!

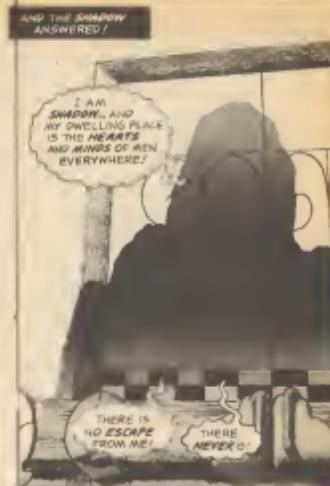
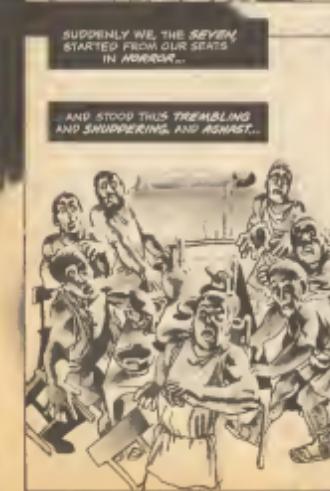
AGAIN,
FELLOW SPEARMEN!
ANOTHER
TOAST TO OUR
CAPTAIN...
GINOS!

AND LO! FROM BEHIND THOSE AVEN-
BLACK CURTAINS, THERE CAME FORTH
A DARK AND UNDEFINED SHADOW...

BUT GRADUALLY THE
SONGS CEASED; HALTED;
AND THEIR ECHOS,
ROLLING AFAR TOWARDS
THE SABLE PRÄRIERIES
OF THE CHAMBER, BECAME
UNDISTINGUISHABLE...
AND FADED AWAY...



...A SHADOW SUCH AS THE BRIGHT
MOON, WHILE YET LOW IN HEAVEN,
MIGHT FASHION FROM THE FIGURE
OF A MAN!





I AND MY COMPANIONS MADE READY TO FLEE...
FOR WE KNEW THE SHADOW TO BE... DEATH!!

BUT IT WAS ALREADY FAR TOO LATE! MY
FRIENDS-IN-BATTLE GRABBED AND CLUTCHED
AT THEIR THROATS ALL ABOUT ME... AND
TOPPLED LIKE FELLED TREES!

THE SHADOW DROPPED UPON US...
GATHERING UP ALL OUR SOULS
FROM OUR POLE-SPLINTERED BODIES!

SADWOUNDEDLY
WE HAD COME
TO SAY FAREWELL
TO PLAGUE
MARDEN ZOLUS,
AND WE ALL HAD
CAUGHT THE
DREAD
CONTAGION
FROM HIM!!

THE DREADED
PLAQUE!

PROLOGUE

WE HAD NOW REACHED THE SUMMIT OF THE LOWEST CRAG. FOR SOME MINUTES THE OLD MAN, JONAS RAMAE, REMAINED TOO EXHAUSTED TO SPEAK.



THREE YEARS AGO, I COULD HAVE EASILY GUIDED YOU TO THIS SPOT, YOUNG MAN!

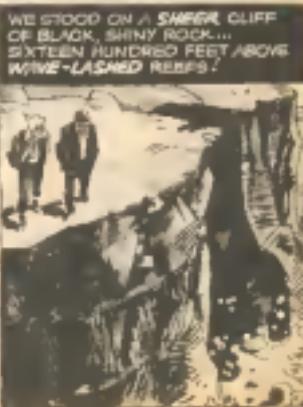
BUT, YOU SEE, I HAVE ENDURED AN ORDEAL THAT HAS BOTH BROKEN MY BODY AND SPIRIT!

YOU, I IMAGINE, SUPPOSE ME TO BE A VERY OLD MAN... AND YET, I AM NOT!

MY HAIR AT ONE TIME WAS JET BLACK! PURE TERROR CHANGED IT SNOWY WHITE IN AN INSTANT!

BUT, NEVER MIND THAT! I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO HAVE THE BEST POSSIBLE VIEW OF THE SEA... AS WELL AS MARKEN TO MY TALE!

WE STOOD ON A SHEER CLIFF OF BLACK, SHINY ROCK... SIXTEEN HUNDRED FEET ABOVE WINE-LASHED REEFS!



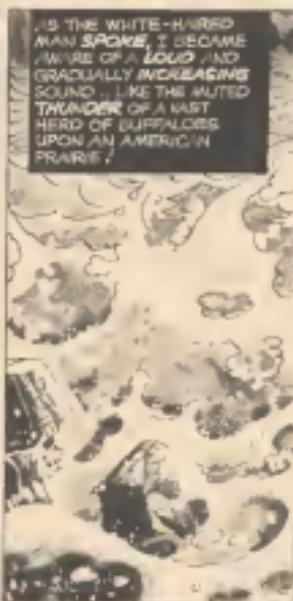
1. ALONG WITH THE OLD SAILOR, JONAS, LOOKED OUT OVER THE MAWING OCEAN... AND BEHOLD A DEPICTORIALLY DESOLATE PANORAMA... BROKEN ONLY BY A HALF-DOZEN BREAK ISLANDS!



DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING...? DO YOU SEE ANY CHANGE IN THE WATER?



AS THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN SPOKE, I BECAME AWARE OF A LOUD AND GRADUALLY INCREASING SOUND... LIKE THE MUTED TROTTER OF A NASTY HERD OF BUFFALOES UPON AN AMERICAN PRAIRIE.



AN EASTWARD CURRENT QUICKLY BECAME MANIFEST AND, EVEN WHILE I GAZED, ACQUIRED A MONSTROUS MOMENTUM.



EACH MOMENT ADDED TO ITS SPEED! IN FIVE MINUTES, THE ENTIRE SEA BOILED WITH UNGOVERNABLE FURY!



SUDDENLY... VERY SUDDENLY...
THE FOAM-RISING CURRENT
TOOK ON A SWIRLING
MOTION... AND ASSUMED A
DEFINITE CIRCULAR SHAPE
... GREATER THAN A MILE IN
DIAMETER!

THE EDGE OF THE WILD WHIRL
WAS REPRESENTED BY A BROAD
BELT OF GLEAMING SPRAY THAT
FRAMED THE MOUTH OF THE
FUNNEL...

AND THE INTERIOR, AS FAR
AS THE EYE COULD FATHOM IT,
WAS A SMOOTH MIRROR -
BRIGHT RAVEN-BLACK WALL
OF WATER...

A WALL INCLINED TO
THE HORIZON AT AN
ANGLE OF SOME FORTY-
FIVE DEGREES...
SPEEDING DIZZILY
AROUND AND AROUND...

ROAR-R-R-RRR-R-R-RRRR...

SENDING PORTH TO
THE WINDS AN
APPALING VOICE...
HALF SHRIEK, HALF ROAR
... SUCH AS NOT EVEN
THE MIGHTY CATARACT
OF NIAGARA EVER
LIFTS UP IN ITS AGONY
TO HEAVEN!

A DESCENT INTO THE MAESTROM!

HERE'S A STORY
THAT'S JUST
SURFACED... AND
IS BOUND TO TUG
AT YOUR EMOTIONS.
IT'S A SALT-
SPLATTERED
EPIC BY EDGAR
ALLAN POE!

THE MOUNTAIN WE STOOD UPON TREMBLED TO ITS VERY BASE...AND THE ROCK, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, ROARDED!



THE STRENGTH AND POWER OF THE MAELSTROM IS GREAT INDEED, EH?



MANY TIMES THESE SEA-WEARY EYES OF MINE HAVE WITNESSED BOATS, YACHTS AND SHIPS CARRIED AWAY TO UNKNOWN, INKY DEPTHS...



...WHERE THEY ARE BEATEN TO MERE FRAGMENTS ON THE ROCKS FAR BELOW...



...BEFORE BEING RETURNED TO THE SURFACE AS SHATTERED SPLINTERS!



YOU HAVE HAD A GOOD
LOOK AT THE WHALE!

PERHAPS, YOUNG
MAN, YOU ARE NOW
READY FOR THIS,
MY STORY?

I AND MY TWO BROTHERS ONCE OWNED
A SCHOONER-RAINED SMACK!

OFTEN WE FISHED
BETWEEN THE DISTANT
ISLANDS... AMONG
DANGEROUS
CURRENTS... SINCE
THERE WAS TO BE
FOUND THE BEST
CATCH!



TWICE A DAY... WHENEVER
THE TIDE CHANGED... THE
MAELSTROM WOULD
DISAPPEAR, THE SEA
WOULD BECOME SLACK
...AND WE WOULD RUN
THE GAUNTLET OVER
THE DECALMED WHALPOOL!



THE RISKS INVOLVED WERE GREAT/
BUT, WE USUALLY CAUGHT MORE IN
A SINGLE DAY... THAN OTHER MORE
TIMID CRAFT COULD FIND IN A
WEEK!



IT WAS ABOUT
THREE YEARS AGO
TO THE DAY .. THAT
DISASTER FINALLY
FELL HEAVY-HANDED
UPON US.



OUR HATCH SWIMMING WITH
FISH WE SET OUT IN TIME TO
MEET THE SLACK PERIOD OF
THE VORTEX, NEVER DREAMING OF
DOOM OR
DEATH...



...WHEN, WITHOUT WARNING,
THE LENGTH OF THE DISTANT
HORIZON WAS BLOTTED FROM
SIGHT BY A SOLITARY CLOUD
WHICH GREW WITH AMAZING
VELOCITY!



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, THE
SKY WAS COMPLETELY
OVERCAST... IN LESS THAN
TWO THE STORM WAS AT ITS
ZENITH!



THE FIRST MAD GUST SNAPPED OUR SAILS AS IF
THEY HAD BEEN CLEANLY SAWED IN HALF...



...TAKING ALONG WITH THEM
MY YOUNGEST BROTHER...
SINCE HE HAD TIED HIMSELF
TO ONE OF THE MAINTENANCE
SAFETY...



MY ELDER BROTHER AND I
MANAGED TO ESCAPE IMMEDIATE
DESTRUCTION BY CLUTCHING A
RIVET BOLT ON THE DECK OF
OUR TOSSED VESSEL!



FOR ENDLESS HOURS, WE TOGETHER
RODE OUT THE MAIN BLAST! I
REJOICED IN THE FACT THAT WE
LIVED... AND MIGHT YET SURVIVE THE
TUMULT!



BUT, MY BROTHER GRIPPED MY ARM
...AND MY JOY MELTED TO HORROR.
...FOR HE PUT HIS MOUTH CLOSE
TO MY EAR... AND SCREAMED A
SINGLE WORD...



NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT MY
FEELINGS WERE AT THAT MOMENT.
I QUAKED FROM HEAD TO FOOT
AS IF WITH A FIT OF TOTAL FEAR!





THE TEMPEST HAD JUST ABOUT SPENT ITSELF... AND I DECIDED I SHOULD SAY A FEW WORDS TO MY BROTHER ABOUT OUR PLIGHT!



HE ONLY SHOOK HIS HEAD BACK AND FORTH... AND PALE AS DEATH, HELD UP HIS HAND, AS IF TO SAY 'LISTEN'!



IT LAY ABOUT A QUARTER MILE DEAD AHEAD! THERE WAS NO WAY WE COULD ESCAPE OUR CERTAIN FATE...



SO, WE RESIGNED OURSELVES TO OUR UNHOLY DESTINY... AS OUR BOAT ENTERED THE OUTER BELT OF THE SPEEDILY CHURNING SURF!



AS WE SPUN THIS AROUND
THE LIP OF THE MAELSTROM...
THE SILVER MOON
APPEARED FROM BEHIND
REMNANT STORM CLOUDS...



...IMPARTING A SUPERHUMANAL...
EVEN ALMOST SERENE... BEAUTY
TO UNHANDED NATURE AT ITS
HARSHEST!



HOW OFTEN WE MADE THE
CIRCUIT OF THE FOAM MOUTH
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY.



I ONLY KNOW THAT AFTER A
SHORT INTERVAL, OUR
BATTERED CRAFT GAVE AN
UNEXPECTED SWICH SHARPLY
TO ONE SIDE...



...AND WE RUSHED HEADLONG
DOWN INTO THE WATERY
ABYSS!



BUT, WE DID NOT DESCEND
TO THE BLACK
BOTTOM IMMEDIATELY!
WHEN I FINALLY SUMMONED
THE COURAGE TO OPEN MY
EYES AND SURVEY OUR
SURROUNDINGS...

...I FOUND WE WERE SUSPENDED
MIDWAY DOWN THE REELING
FUNNEL... SKIMMING ALONG ONE
SILENTLY-SLOPING, ROSETTE-WALL,
SLOWLY SPIRALING DOWNWARD AT
A SNAIL'S PACE... INCH BY
UNSPEAKABLE INCH!



ROUND AND ROUND WE WERE SWIRLED... NOT WITH
ANY UNIFORM MOVEMENT... BUT WITH
UNPREMONITIOUS JERKS THAT PULLED AND
TUGGED US EVER DEEPER INTO THE MAW OF THE
MAELSTROM!"

IT WAS THEN I NOTICED THAT OBLONG
OBJECTS LIKE TREES AND JAGGED DEBRIS
DESCENDED MUCH FASTER THAN SQUAT,
BULKY THINGS... WHICH HARDLY FELL AT ALL!



ACCORDING TO THAT LINE OF REASONING... A BARREL WOULD SINK FAR LESS RAPIDLY THAN THE SHIP WE WERE PRESENTLY ROWING!

LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, I MADE MY WAY TO THE STERN AND LASHED MYSELF TO A LARGE EMPTY WATER KEG.



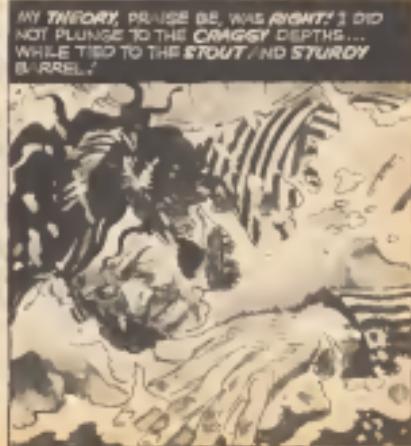
I MOTIONED FOR MY OLDER BROTHER TO JOIN ME... BUT FOR THE LOVE OF CREATION, HE WAS TOO FEAR-FROZEN TO RELEASE HIS DEATH-Grip FROM THE DECK'S RINGSBOLT!



I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO ABANDON MY POOR BROTHER... AND MERGE WITH THE LIQUID EMBRACE OF THE RUMBLING Vortex!



MY THEORY, PRAISE BE, WAS RIGHT! I DID NOT PLUNGE TO THE CRAGGY DEPTHS... WHILE TIED TO THE STOUT AND STURDY BARREL!



KER-SMASH-HA!

BUT THE SAME CAN NOT BE
SAID FOR MY BELOVED
BROTHER! FROM MY VANTAGE
POINT... I COULD NOT
ESCAPE WATCHING HIS
DEATH...

...AND THE SIGHT
SUDDENLY MADE
IMMEASURABLY...

JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO SWIM
IN A SIMILAR BRUTAL DEATH... THE
SLACK PERIOD COMMENCED...
AND THE WHIRLPOOL BEGAN TO
SLOW AND ABATE ALL ABOUT ME!

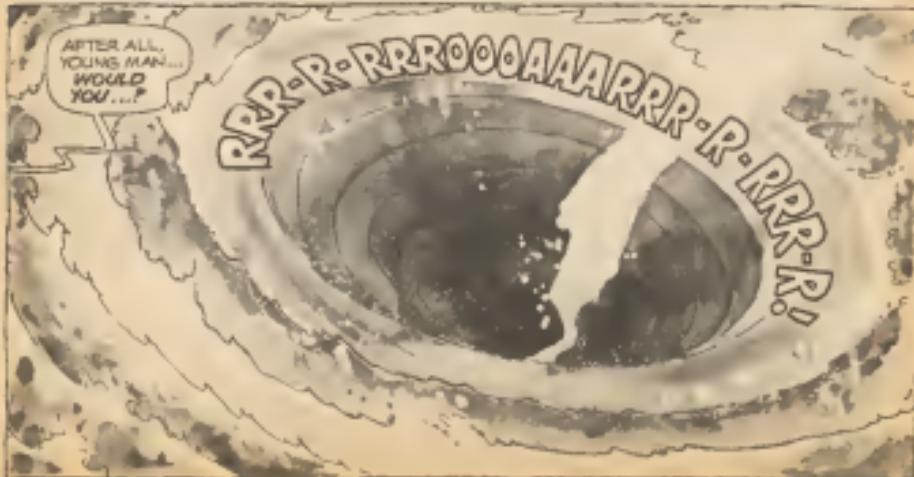
SEVERAL FISHERMEN WHO WERE
ALSO MY FRIENDS FOUND ME
FLOUNDERING IN THE STORM -
WATER-WEARY. BUT THEY DID NOT
RECOGNIZE ME!

ALAS, THEY DID NOT
BELIEVE MY STORY... ANY
MORE THAN I EXPECT
YOU TO!

MY BROTHER'S SKELETON
LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
MARETTOMA... YET NONE
THAT I KNOW DARE VENTURE
NEAR ENOUGH TO
CONFIRM MY
TALE!



THAT WAS HOW I FIRST
LEARNED MY HAIR HAD
CHANGED FROM COAL
TO SNOW!



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

BERENICE

IN THE STUDY OF ETHICS, EVIL IS SOMETIMES
THE CONSEQUENCE OF GOOD! SO, IN FACT,
OUT OF JOY IS ALSO SORROW BORN!

THIS WAS THE LESSON I LEARNED IN MY
RELATIONSHIP WITH BEAUTIFUL BERENICE.
WE SHARED A LOVE SO PURE, SO WHOLE-
SOME, SO BRIEF. SHE WAS MUCH LIKE
MY MOTHER!

IT WAS IN THIS VERY LIBRARY THAT MY MOTHER DIED!
IRONICALLY IT WAS HERSELF, TOO, THAT I WAS BORN! BEFORE
MY ALIENESS...BEFORE THE MADNESS OVERTOOK ME. I
SPENT MANY PLEASANT HOURS HERE IN QUIET AND TRACERY.

IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH I WERE ANOTHER PERSON EDUCATED, BURNED...BUT ASHORANT
IN THE TRUE WORKINGS AND HORRORS OF THE WORLD!

STORY ADAPTATION: RICH MARGOPOULOS / ART: ISIDRO MONES

*BERENICE AND I WERE COUNTRYMEN,
AND WE GREW UP TOGETHER IN
MY PATERNOAL HALLS.*



*YET, DIFFERENTLY WE GREW;
I OFTEN HAUNTED WITH A
STRANGE ILLNESS... OR ELSE,
BURIED IN TIME-WORN BOOKS.*



*...SHE, AGILE, GRACEFUL AND
OVERFLOWING WITH ENERGY;
HERS WAS THE RAMBLE ON
THE HILLSIDE.*



*...WHILE THE STUDIES
OF THE CLOISTER!*



*I LIVED WITHIN MY OWN ABSURD...
ADDICTED BODY AND SOUL TO
THE MOST INTENSE AND
INTROVERTED MEDITATION...*



*...WHILE BERENICE ROARED
CARELESSLY THROUGH LIFE, WITH
NO THOUGHT OF THE SHADOWS
DOOMING IN HER PATH!*



BERENICE! I CALL UPON HER NAME! OH BERENICE!
AND, FROM THE GREY RUINS OF MEMORY A THOUSAND TUMULTUOUS RECOLLECTIONS ARE MANIFESTED!



AN' VINDLY IS HER IMAGE BEFORE ME NOW... AS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HER LIGHTHEARTEDNESS AND JOY!



WHERE'S MY ILLNESS WAS MEDIATHEMED AND GRIPPED THE ANVIL HER ILLNESS WAS SEIZURE THAT CLAIMED HER BODY!



I FOUND HER MORE THAN ONCE ENDURE SPHINX THROBS IN A STATE OF SEAM CONSCIOUSNESS!

BUT A LONG AND NEAR-FATAL DISEASE PELL UPON HER PERSON! ALIS! THE DESTROYER CAME AND WENT!

AND THE VICTIM? I NO LONGER TRULY KNEW HER AS BERENICE!

I DARED NOT DWELL ON BERENICE'S SICKENED STATE...AND, AS A RESULT, THE INTENSITY OF MY CONTEMPLATION IN OTHER THINGS UNFOLDED DRAMATICALLY.



I COULD EASILY BE ABSORBED IN A QUINT SHADOW FALLING VELANT UPON A TAPESTRY...OR LOSE MYSELF WATCHING THE STEADY FLAME OF A LAMP...OR DREAM AWAY WHOLE DAYS OVER, PERFUMED FLOWERS.



IN THE LUCID INTERVALS OF MY MENTAL INFIRMITY, HER CALAMITY, WITHOUT A DOUBT, GAVE ME PAIN!



I SOUGHT TO ESCAPE HER,
PREFERENCE IN THE SILENCE
OF MY LIBRARY AT NIGHT!



YET EVEN THERE, SHE FLUTTED
BEFORE MY EYES... NOT THE REAL
LIVING AND BREATHING BEAUTY...
BUT THE SERENITY AS OF A DREAM!



CONSTANTLY DID MY THOUGHTS
TURN TO HER, AND DWELL UPON
HER... UNTIL, AT LAST, AN
UNVOYED LONGING SPRANG UP
WITHIN MY SOUL FOR MY COUSIN...



...AND, IN A MOMENT OF
FEEBLENESS, I SPOKE TO HER OF
MARRIAGE...



TIME FLEW! IT WAS WINTER;
FAST APPROACHING WAS THE
DATE OF OUR INTENDED
WEDDING!



I SAT ALONE, IN THE DARKLY LIT LIBRARY... IMBODDING,
WITH ONLY THE TOWERING SHELVES OF BOOKS FOR
COMPANY...

...WHEN UPLIFTING MY EYES, I SAW THAT BERENICE STOOD SILENTLY BEFORE ME./

WAS IT MY OWN EXCITED IMAGINATION ... OR THE MISTY INFLUENCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ... OR THE UNCERTAIN CANDLE-LIGHT OF THE CHAMBER ... OR THE GREY SWATH THAT HUNG AROUND HER FIGURE ...

...THAT CAUSED IT TO VIBRATE AND APPEAR INDEFINITE IN OUTLINE?

AN ICY CHILL RAN THRU MY FRAME; A BEARER OF INSUPPRESSIBLE ANXIETY OPPRESSED ME.

...AND, SINKING BACK UPON THE CHAIR, I REMAINED FOR SOME TIME BREATHLESS AND ACTIONLESS!

HER ENTHRALMENT WAS EXCESSIVE, AND NOT ONE WITNESS OF THE FORMER BEAUTY LURKED IN ANY SINGLE LINE OF THE CONTOURS OF HER FACE!



THE EYES, IN PARTICULAR, WERE LIFELESS, AND LACKED LUSTER... AND I SHRANK INVOLUNTARILY FROM THEIR GLASSEY STARE!



QUICKLY, I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO HER THIN AND SHRUNKEN LIPS / AS I WATCHED THEM PARTED...

...AND WITH A SMILE OF MYSTERIOUS MEANING, THE TEETH OF THE CHANGED SERVICE DISCLOSED THEMSELVES SLOWLY TO MY VIEW!



WOULD TO THE LORD THAT I HAD NEVER BEHELD THY LOVING SMILE, HAVING DONE SO, I HAD DIED!



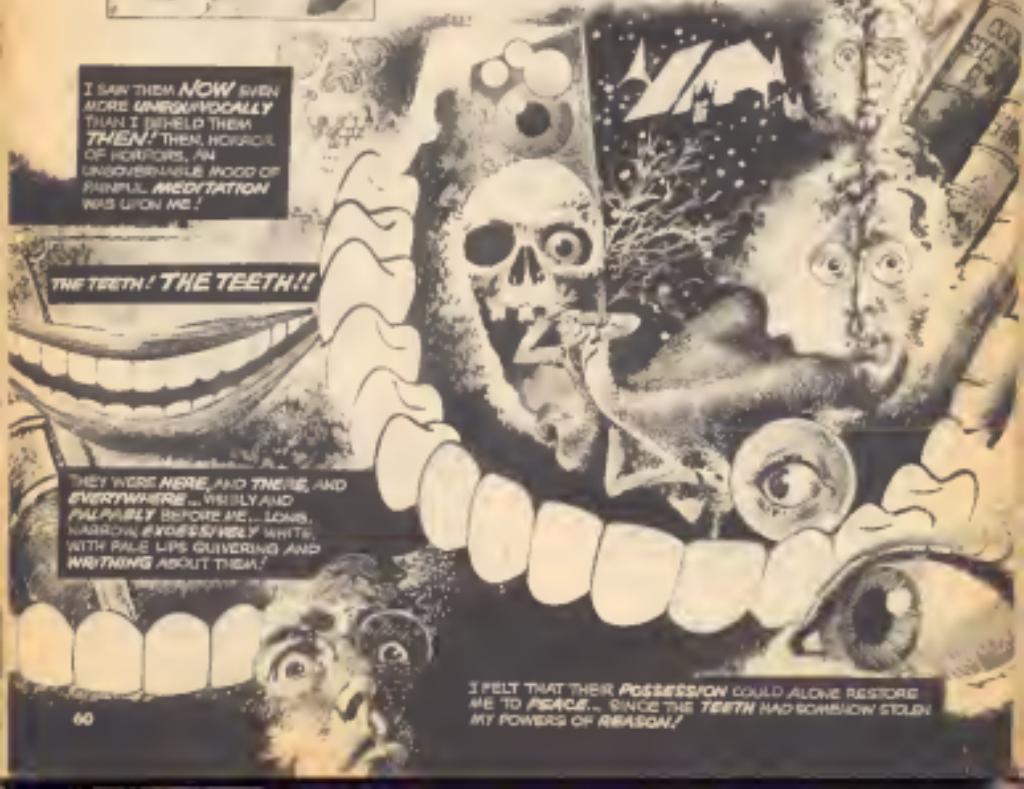
THE SHUTTING OF A DOOR DISTURBED ME, AND LOOKING UP, I FOUND THAT MY COUSIN HAD DEPARTED THE CHAMBER.

BUT, FROM THE DISORDINED CHAMBER OF MY BRAIN, THE GHASTLY SPECTRUM OF WHITE TEETH HAD NOT DEPARTED... AND WOULD NOT BE DRIVEN AWAY.

I SAW THEM NOW EVEN MORE UNHUMANLY THAN I BEHELD THEM THEN! THEN, HORROR OF HORRORS, AN UNCOERVERABLE MOOD OF PAINFUL MEDITATION WAS UPON ME!

THE TEETH! THE TEETH!!

THEY WERE HERE, AND THERE, AND EVERYWHERE... WHILY AND PALPABLY BEFORE ME... LOOM, HARROW, ENDEBUSHED, HELLY WHITE, WITH PALE LIPS QUIVERING AND WARTING ABOUT THEM?



I FELT THAT THEIR POSSESSION COULD ALONE RESTORE ME TO PEACE... SINCE THE TEETH HAD SOMEHOW STOLEN MY POWERS OF REASON.

EVENTUALLY, AFTER A PERIOD WITHOUT TIME, THE MINDLESS MADNESS WITHDRAW, AND I LEFT THE LIBRARY!

IN THE HUSHED AND DARK SHAD CORRIDOR OUTSIDE, I ENCOUNTERED THE MAD, WITH STREAMING TEARS, WHO TOLD ME BERENICE WAS...

...NO MORE!



SHE HAD BEEN SEIZED WITH EPILEPSY IN THE EARLY MORNING...



...AND NOW, AT THE CLOSING IN OF NIGHT, HER OPEN GRAVE MADE READY TO RECEIVE ITS TENANT?



MUCH LATER, I FINALLY PASSED INTO SLEEP...AND SUFFERED FROM THE MOST PITIFUL OF DREAMS!



I FELT COMPELLED, WHILE CAUGHT IN THE SWIRLING MALESTROM OF A NIGHTMARE, TO DO A DEED MOST DREAD.

I VAGUELY REMEMBER
DIGGING WITH A SHOVEL...
AND THEN...AND THEN...

I SAW IT! WHAT
HAD I DONE?!



SUDDENLY, I AWOKE
IN BED...FULLY
DRESSED...
SPLATTERED WITH
DIRT AND GORE...
AND KNEW THE TERROR
I HAD EXPERIENCED
WAS NOT A DREAM,
AFTER ALL!



BUT, WHAT COULD I DO
THAT WAS SO SORDID
THAT I COULD NOT
COMPLETELY RECALL
IT?

THE METAL SPADE...
ALL THE DIGGING...
THE BLOOD... HAD I
EXPOSED A GRAVE?
YES, I HAD! BUT...
WHOSE?



IN THE CORNER OF MY
ROOM WAS THE GRIME-
EMBEDDED SHOVEL... AND
NEXT TO IT, AN OMINOUS
BLACK BOX... WHATEVER
THE ACT I HAD
COMMITTED...



...THE ANSWER WOULD
BE FORTHCOMING FROM
THE BLACK CHEST!

...UNEARTHED, IT SEEMS, THE BODY
MY DELOVED ABSENCE AND HER
MENACING SMILE WOULD PLAGUE ME
LATER.

...THERE, WITHIN THE BOX, RATTLED
THIRTY-TWO SMALL, BRIGHT, WHITE...
TEETH!!



I WOULD
FOREVER
POSSESS THE
SMILE OF
MY DELOVED!

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Remember your Creepy? Remember how excited you were the first time you went on the roller coaster? You just couldn't wait for the bigger twists, could you? And the stories were unforgettable! Remember how you shared all your friends? And from then on, you've been buying every one, haven't you? But do you have the whole set? Oh you get it on the ground floor with #1 or there were a few you missed? I'm not talking about candy, are you? Are you mean #1? When you're going to buy your little brother? Grape jelly or the cream? You should have a mind, remember and Order now!

BACK ISSUES!



CRYPT 43 CRYPT 44 CRYPT 45 CRYPT 46 CRYPT 47 CRYPT 48 CRYPT 49



CHARGE =12 CHARGE =13 CHARGE =14 CHARGE =15 CHARGE =16 CHARGE =17 CHARGE =18



CRYPT #12 **CRYPT #13** **CRYPT #20** **CRYPT #24** **CRYPT #25** **CRYPT #26** **CRYPT #27**



CRESPY 245 **CRESPY 246** **CRESPY 247** **CRESPY 248** **CRESPY 249** **CRESPY 250** **CRESPY 251**



CREEP1 165 **CREEP1** 166 **CREEP1** 167 **CREEP1** 168 **CREEP1** 169 **CREEP1** 170 **CREEP1** 171

Remember "Creepy's" leatherface long? Frank Frazetta's "Marrow," the ultimate in hamptivity? What about "Speen of the Cuck People" by Reed Crandall? Angus Torres' "Ogre's Castle" was spectacular! But then, as we "Hide Awkwardly" by Alach Tochi! Ever read "The Gated Thing" by Grey Morrow? Or Erde Dene's great "Avalon Line" series? Illustrated by Jim O'Barr? And don't forget "The Devil's Own" by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell. Does Adeline's "The Reckoning" scare? Neal Adams' "The Tower Beyond Time"? What about Jeff Jones' "Angel of Dunn"? Tom Sutton's "Image of Death" or "Death of a Stranger"? He drew "Type Case" and "Doom"! And, of course, about that time, Alan Moore and Paul Pope were in a Photo Booth, looking like Newt! Who else? Horstmann's "Completely Curved"! Averil brought us the fine "Old Worm"! And there was the Horrible Marvels' spectacular "Forgive Us Our Crafts". Adeline Abbot's fine "Pro God" was a real treat! Gonzalo Mazu's "Outer Side of Hell" can't be beat! And, of course, the great "The Usagi Yojimbo" by Stan Sakai! And, of course, the Last Hero! If you don't remember, you probably missed them. Some Creepy stories you can't afford to miss!

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine
for a convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

Pirates of the Caribbean HOBBY KITS

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HORRIFIC UNDEAD SKELETONS MOVE WITH ZAP ACTION



FATE OF THE MATTERWEED
A skeletal crew of undead pirates is invading here in it's dead! One living pirate is trying to save his crew and stop them from attacking him! Well, he's walking like a zombie, but that's where the ZAP ACTION has run names in as before year 2000. He's got a chainsaw and has one hand to his friend's arm from his SCARY! ZAPSA
\$14.95 FATE OF THE MATTERWEED
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CONDEMNED TO DIABLO'S FOR
THEIR CRIMES! A skeletal crew who marooned their captives in the River Styx to the Isle of the Dead, are now trying to escape all the way up to the castle! Move with ZAP ACTION! The second skeleton, SLAVES OF THE DEATH, is a 14" x 17" high quality, heavy weight vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "ZAP-mous Monsters 1974 Convention". When you're finished shopping, just turn the bag over and it's ready to use again! They close with a snap-grip fastener handle!

DO THE DEAD MAN'S HAFT
A skeletal crew of undead pirates who have been sent down the River Styx to the Isle of the Dead, are now trying to escape all the way up to the castle! Move with ZAP ACTION! The second skeleton, SLAVES OF THE DEATH, is a 14" x 17" high quality, heavy weight vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "ZAP-mous Monsters 1974 Convention". When you're finished shopping, just turn the bag over and it's ready to use again! They close with a snap-grip fastener handle!

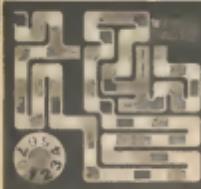
ROAST HORR THE JOLLY
ROGER! A skeletal crew of undead pirates who have been sent down the River Styx to the Isle of the Dead, are now trying to escape all the way up to the castle! Move with ZAP ACTION! The second skeleton, SLAVES OF THE DEATH, is a 14" x 17" high quality, heavy weight vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "ZAP-mous Monsters 1974 Convention". When you're finished shopping, just turn the bag over and it's ready to use again! They close with a snap-grip fastener handle!

GEND WIM TELL NO
TALES! - The Great Mafa of the Undead Army of the Isle of the Dead, is a 14" x 17" high quality, heavy weight vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "ZAP-mous Monsters 1974 Convention". When you're finished shopping, just turn the bag over and it's ready to use again! They close with a snap-grip fastener handle!

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MONSTER'S CASTLE

A \$2.50 FIASCO!



Now you can own all five of the exciting Warren Monster Madness games! First, the monstrous lycanthrope in WEREWOLF GAME! Then, the Irish beasties in MONSTER MATCH! Run from hideous horrors in the MONSTER'S CASTLE! Become a werewolf in MONSTER'S CASTLE or CRAWLEY CASTLE! And dual mysterious menaces in Vampires' enthralling game of CAPTURE! All five games come complete with tokens, dice, cards, and a variety of playing surfaces. Big games. Thrill-packed fun for the entire family designed by Warren's own Bill Gausey. Order set of five games now. Only \$2.50! 26651

CREEPY CASTLE



MONSTER MATCH

WEREWOLF GAME

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FM CONVENTION BAG



LIMITED SUPPLY!
BUY YOUR 1974
FAMOUS MONSTERS
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This is a real collector's item... a souvenir of the First Annual Famous Monsters Convention held in New York City in September 1974! It is a 14" x 17" high quality, heavy weight vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "ZAP-mous Monsters 1974 Convention". When you're finished shopping, just turn the bag over and it's ready to use again! They close with a snap-grip fastener handle!

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TYLOSAUR VS. PTERODACTYL



BRONTOSAUR

This is the big meat eatin' one of the most exciting models ever made in this exciting series. It's a 14" long, 10" tall, 5" wide model of this霸主 in water for swimming or on land for walking. It's a massive weight and heat resistant plastic model with a built-in stand. Bronto was created by the great artist, Bob McElroy.



TYRANNOSAUR VS. TRICERATOPS

The earth quakes as these two titans battle for supremacy! This is the largest and most detailed model ever made of these two meat-eating dinosaurs. It's a 14" long, 10" tall, 5" wide model of the Tyrannosaurus Rex and the Triceratops. Both are heat and heat resistant plastic models with built-in stands. Tyranno and Triceratops were created by the great artist, Bob McElroy.



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GET YOUR COLLECTOR'S
ITEM TOTE BAG WHILE
THE SUPPLY LASTS!

Atlanta Collector's Club has a limited number of these bags available. The first 1000 bags will be given away free. After that, they will be sold at \$1.95 apiece. Each bag is a 14" x 17" high quality vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "MARKER MAD USA TOUR END". Each bag is a 14" x 17" high quality vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "MARKER MAD USA TOUR END". Each bag is a 14" x 17" high quality vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "MARKER MAD USA TOUR END". Each bag is a 14" x 17" high quality vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "MARKER MAD USA TOUR END". Each bag is a 14" x 17" high quality vinyl tote bag printed in red, yellow, black and white with the words "MARKER MAD USA TOUR END".

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STAR TREK HOBBY KITS

FIVE GREAT PLASTIC MODELS TO ASSEMBLE!

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE



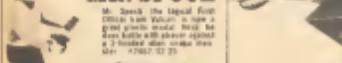
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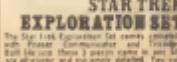


The unparalleled transport of the Enterprise! The classic Starship is an exciting replica for your other Star Trek model needs. It's a 14" long, 10" tall, 5" wide model of the original starship's well-known design.



The Exploration Set of the Enterprise! The classic Starship is an exciting replica for your other Star Trek model needs. It's a 14" long, 10" tall, 5" wide model of the original starship's well-known design.

STAR TREK EXPLORATION SET



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CREEPY #771: A SPECTACULAR ALL LUIS BERMEJO ISSUE. A MIND BOGGLING TRIP THRU SPACE TIME. FIVE INCREDIBLE TALES OF MONSTERS, MACHINES, MADNESS. DON'T MISS IT! ON SALE APRIL 17TH.

